שִׁיר הַשִּׁירִים

OR

SOLOMON'S SONG PARAPHRAS'D:

A PINDARICK

POEM.

Carmina ſeceſſum Scribentis, & otia quærunt:
Me mare, me venti, me fera jactat hyems.
Ovid. de Triſt. Lib. 1. Eleg. 1.

LONDON,
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OR

SOLOMON'S SONG Paraphraſed.

CHAP. I. *v.* 1.

THE Song of Songs from Sacred Muſes ſprang,
Which *Jeſſe*'s Grand-Child to the People ſang.

CHURCH.

2. With ſoft Embraces let him claſp me round,
Whilſt glances darted from his eyes
Outſtrip the num'rous Army of the Skies,
And to a larger Audit riſe
Than all the Sand upon the Ocean bound,
Or Spires of graſs on *Palæſtina*'s ground:
Whilſt thus about each others necks we twine,
Our Sacred flames out-vie the heat of Wine.

3. Becauſe of thoſe choice Oyntments ſhed
With Roſie Odours on thy yôuthful head,
(Yet not ſo fragrant as thy Name)
Which trickling down with Spikenard meet
(Spikenard ſent up from thy Triumphant feet)

The Virgins love thee with a purer flame
Than thoſe which newly from the Altar came.

4. Let thine ore-powring Beauty draw my heart
With (more than Adamantine Tyes)
The proſperous glances of thy youthful eyes,
And then we'll never part.
Bleſt Union Myſtical! The King
Has plac't me underneath his Wing.
Thrice happy Soul ſo caught,
And to ſo fair a Palace brought!
To him we dance, to him we ſing.
The ſprightly Goblet now no more ſhall move:
The righteous Kiſs, and thus they pledge thy Love.

5. 6. O turn, thou Faireſt, turn away
That too too heedful ray;
Leſt my diſcolour'd cheeks offend thy ſight;
(Grown duskie from the Suns officious light.)
Alas! by Brothers hatred I was ſent
To labour in anothers Tent,
(Unmindful of mine own) and thus grew old
Under the Summers heat and Winters cold:
Yet Blackneſs has its Beauty, and the ſhade
Was as a Maſque for Lovers made.
Thus from the Soultrie plain
Th' *Arabian* Swain
Ore-powred by Heat to *Kedar* creeps,
And *Selomoh* beneath his Banner ſleeps.

7. Tell me at laſt,
O thou to whom my Soul is bound ſo faſt,
Where, in the night of miſeries oppreſt,
Thou mak'ſt thy wearied flocks to reſt.
Where thou doſt *Benjamin* and *Joſephs* ſheep
(Beſide thy Tents) in ample Paſtures keep?

For

For why
Should only I
From thy Protection and my Safety flie?

CHRIST.

8. If yet thou know'ſt not (O thou Fair)
Whoſe unpois'd glories greater are
Than all the blooming pride
Sprung from the Font of *Adams* ſide;
Haſte with thy Staff and Pilgrims Weed,
And when from far thou doſt eſpie
The num'rous footſteps of the Paſſers-by,
There take thy road, for fear thou ſtray
In an ill-trod, uneaſie way:
And when the Shepherds Tents appear,
They'l ſhew thee where I feed,
And when my flocks are near.

9. Thy ſplendour, O my Love, exceeds the ſhow
Of *Pharaohs* Hoſt before his Overthrow.
Thoſe Troops which did before *Baal-Zephon* ſhine,
Muſt vail their luſtre when compar'd to thine:
10. Whilſt jewels, like the bluſhing flow'rs in *May*,
Adorn thy Cheeks more freſh than they:
And thy bright Neck ſtands circled in
With wreaths of Gold beneath thy tender Chin.
11. With Gold thy borders ſhall be crown'd,
And ſtuds of Silver ſhall embrace thee round.

CHURCH.

12. When in the midſt of his Pavilion plac't
The King takes his repaſt,
By all the num'rous Armies grac't,

That brood an Oriental light
From *Michael* to the meaner Might,
My Box of Spikenard do's its Odour ſend
In fragrant moiſtures, which return at laſt
With ſweeter breath than they could ever lend.
Thus Odours are each others grace,
And Spikenard borrows ſcent from his perfuming Face.

13. They are not all thoſe choiſer Smells
Which the rude *Indian* or *Arabian* ſells:

14. The Cypreſs, or thoſe Breathings ſhed
Twixt *Zephyr* and *Engeddi*'s ſpicie bed,
Can equalize that paſſionate delight
We find betwixt each others breaſts all night.

CHRIST.

15. Behold (my bleſt Companion) thou art fair,
Thine eyes with thoſe of Doves compare.

CHURCH.

16. But thine far more reſplendent are.
How pleaſant art thou ſeen
Upon our beds of Green,
Whoſe Odours far exceed the ſweets of Myrrh!

17. Our beams are Cedar, and our rafters Firr.

CHAP. II. *v.* 1.

CHRIST.

WOuld you the Roſe of *Sharon* ſee
Spreading his Virgin Colours to the Sun
(When he has almoſt half his Circuit run)

Op'ning

Op'ning his untoucht lips to kiſs that ray
By whom he do's his leaves diſplay?
'Tis I am he.
Or the fair Lily of the lower ground
(*Shoſhannah*) with more glories crown'd
Than thoſe with which the mighty Kings appear
In the great Triumphs of the year?
You have him here.

2. As the chaſt Lily, which from Tempeſt torn,
With a beſeeming bluſh renews it pride,
Tho' compaſt round with an unfruitful thorn,
And all the Foreſt-Brakes beſide;
Such is my *Bride*,
When plac't amidſt the Virgin Quire:
So fairly do her eyes appear,
So charming are her looks, ſo clear,
So gay, ſo pleaſing her attire,
That whoſoe're comes near
Muſt pant in flames, and languiſh in deſire.

CHURCH.

3. Compare the loaden Apple-tree
To thoſe unthrifty Shrubs you ſee,
Thoſe withered boughs, which too too long have ſtood
The ſcandal of the Wood,
Without the product of or Fair, or Good:
Such, ſuch is he for whom my wounded heart
Reſents a ſtrange and laſting ſmart
Which vies with the Phyſicians Art.
I crept on (ſilent as the ſhades) for fear
It might offend him if he ſaw me near:
And loth I was a while to prove
My ſelf Ambaſſadreſs of my own love:

But

But ſtill his Beauty led me on;
Till heedleſs of the paces I had gone,
I came beneath his bleſſed ſhade
(Hid by a Gourd which kinder Love had made)
And reach't, and pluckt, and eat ſuch fruits as never fade.

4. At length he led me from the ſacred place,
And with a Princely grace
(Leſt I ſhould ſurfeit with my New-got Fruit)
He gave me Wine, and taught me to digeſt:
He ſmil'd upon my ſuit,
And granted my requeſt.

5. Stay me with Wine, with Apples, Oh! for I
Am ſick at heart, and if you help not, die!
6. But ſee where the Phyſician ſtands
And reaches forth his aidful hands:
The one arm circles round my Bed,
Whilſt t'other helps ſupport the feeble head,
And Vails of Love are round about me ſpred.

CHRIST.

7. I charge you (*Sions* Daughters fair)
And you, whoſe Sires of *Salem* were,
Within whoſe Borders Wars do ceaſe
(Whilſt *Fire* conſtitutes a laſting Peace)
I charge you by the ſwift-pac't Roe
And by the Hinds which in your Paſtures goe;
By all the briſker herds abroad
Who croſs your interrupted Road;
If my Beloved ſlumb'ring lyes,
If ſoftер ſleep have lockt her tender Eyes,
You offer not to break her Eaſe
Or ſtir her from her pillow, till ſhe pleaſe.

CHURCH.

8. Forth from the Hills a voice I hear,
Whoſe trembling Eccho ſtrikes my tender Ear:
From Mountains top it reaches to the Plain,
Beat by the little Hillocks back again.

9. 'Tis my Beloveds voice—How like a Deer
He skips, when the ſwift Enemies are near!
His glories at a diſtance fade,
And ſet, as in a ſhade:
He's only ſeen by halves, as plac't
Beſide ſome Wall which early Time has ras't:
He creeps behind the Rev'rend Ruins; then
He ſhows himſelf, and ſo retires agen.
As through a Lattice we behold his Face,
Or darkly through the glaſs.

10. 'Hear how he calls——Ariſe my Love,
'My Fair, my undefiled One,
'And let's be gone.

11. 'The horrid Winters rage is paſt,
'And all its fury ſpent at laſt,
'Whilſt *Zephyr* ſoftly creeps along,
'(Weak in himſelf, but in his Odours ſtrong)
'The Clouds in diſmal blackneſs ceaſe to fly,
'They're all grown white,
'Empti'd and thinn'd by an ore-pow'ring light:
'Thoſe ſubtil Ciſterns are all dry,
'And ſlowly wave beneath a lovely sky.

12. 'The Spring do's in her Virgin dreſs appear;
'And bluſhing uſhers in the Youthful Year.
'Thoſe Embrions which the froſt did once intomb,
'And held with icy chains within the womb,
'Now peep out of their clods again,
'Brought forth by a ſucceſsful rain.

'The Trees rejoyce, they clap their hands and ſing,
'And yield their buds to the Officious Spring.
'The feather'd Quire in *Chorus* mix their notes,
'And chant aloud with uninſtructed throats.
'The loving *Turtle* (well compar'd to me)
'Calls out, and woes his Mate from yonder Tree.
'They flouriſh in their infant Green,
'And every where a New Creation's ſeen.
13. 'The Vine puts forth its tender bud,
'And bids defiance to the Winters flood.
'A fragrant ſmell, a glorious ſhew,
'Attend our ſteps wher'ere we go.
'Ariſe, my Love, and make no ſtay,
'My Faireſt haſte, and come away,
'The Eaſtern Herald has proclaim'd the day.

CHRIST.

14. O thou who with thy active wings
Mount'ſt up on high,
(Unmindful of theſe earthly things)
And haſt a conſecrated place
Immur'd with Rocks, wherein thou hid'ſt thy Face;
Let me thy Countenance deſcry:
Thy Face is Love, thy Voice is Melody.
15. Take us the cunning Vermin which deſtroy
The ſpreading branch, the Gard'ners only joy:
Thoſe little *Foxes*, thoſe who undermine
The Daughter Cluſter, and the Mother Vine.
Our Vine has tender branches; O forbear,
Leſt *Herods* cruelty ſhould harbour here,
And *Rachel* ſhed an unreſented tear.

CHURCH.

Whilſt thou remaineſt, O thou Fair,
16. 17. Amidſt the Lilies where thy Paſtures are,
(The Lilies once than Snow more white,
But now ſcarce pale before ſo great a light)
About each others necks we twine,
Until the wiſht for day
Has chas't the ſhades away:
I'm his, and my Beloved's mine.
Haſte thee from *Bether* like the nimble Hart:
Bether which *Jordan* do's from *Jury* part.

CHAP. III. *v.* 1.

CHURCH.

'TWas dark, the Orbs withdrew their light;
The Sullen Moon obſcur'd her head;
A melancholique gloomy night,
(The moſt unhappy relict of a day
In which the nighted Traveller could ſtray)
When over-charg'd with paſſions on my bed,
And fraight with fear,
I ſought my Love, but he was fled;
I call'd aloud and knockt, but no one near.
2. Muſt then (ſaid I) a wretched, helpleſs, poor,
Diſtreſſed Lover thus give o're?
Are all theſe breathings ſpent in Vain?
I'le wander out, and call again;
Sure he will pity, ſince he made the pain.

I'le haſte, and bend my pace
Unto the holy place,
Whither the Tribes go up to bleſs
The Teſtament of Holineſs:
How know I what may there be done?
'Twas there the *Bleſſed Virgin* found her *Son.*
Perhaps we once again may meet
Amidſt ſome crooked ſilent Street,
Whilſt thus he wanders up and down
The by-*Mæanders* of the Town.
'Tis but for once to try;
Or if he is withdrawn, I'le trace
His footſteps to ſome wider place,
Or ſeek him out if nigh.
Ah! ſo I panting did,
But found him not, for he was hid:
Hid from the reach of purblind Natures Eye,
Which takes no ſpecies from the Deity.

3. Next to the wakeful Guardians of the night
(The Watchmen of the Sacred Tower
Arm'd with his Sword, and guarded with his power)
I took my humble flight.
Tell me, O can you tell, (ſaid I)
When he paſt by?
Can no good Oracle declare
How he demeans himſelf, and where.
But they were all grown dumb:
Then ſure, ſaid I, *Meſſias* muſt be come.

4. Juſt thus it was; my fancied bliſs
Prov'd true; I heard a voice, 'twas his:
When ſtraight I caught him in my Arms,
And held him faſt; (ſucceſsful were my Charms)
Till through the private paſſages we went,
And came into my Mothers Tent:

That

That Tent in which th' *Almighty* once did give
That life to her who gave me life to live.

5. You Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
I charge you by the Roes, the Hinds; by them
To whom ye frankly yield
The ample Paſtures of your floury field,
That when my beſt Beloved ſlumbring lies,
Ye ceaſe to chaſe the ſhadow from his Eyes.
Beſide his Temples let a Vail be ſpred;
And Banners circle round his head.

CHRIST.

6. What diſtant object from the fruitleſs breſt
Of the wild Deſart crowns the Plain?
It flies in Triumphs ore the fields
Perfum'd with Myrrh, with Frankincenſe; the beſt
Of Odours which the Drugſter yields;
Like ſome new riſing clouds of rain.
8. See where a Princely Banner ſtands,
Held up by threeſcore Heroes mighty hands,
Girt with their Swords, and fit for fight,
Zamzummims, Chieftains of the night,
Apt to purſue, but not to take a flight.
9. Thus *Selomoh* go's bravely on,
Guarded with beams of *Lebanon*;
Beams of thoſe Cedars which ſo fairly ſtood
The daring glories of the Wood;
But now grown more Majeſtick by their fall,
Than when they flouriſht green and tall.
10. The Columns form'd of Silver ſtand,
(Cut out by ſome *Bezaleel*'s hand)
On a firm baſis of the pureſt Gold
Which *Ophir* boaſted of, of old;

Sheltred beneath a purple Shrine:
(Purple once common, now Divine)
And leſt defiance ſhould be ſeen above,
The Motto underneath was *LOVE.*
Love for the faireſt Damſels; Love for them
Who love the Daughters of *Jeruſalem.*

11. Haſte, haſte, ye Sacred Quire,
Ye hopeful darlings of old *Sions* breaſt,
See *Selomoh* clad in his beſt attire;
'Tis a Triumphing day; th' Eſpouſal Feaſt,
More Solemn, more obſerv'd than all the reſt:
A day in which his aged Matron ſpred
Her Arms about his youthful head;
Bleſt him with all the bleſſings from above,
And gladly did impart
The largeſs of a Mothers heart;
Crown'd him with Diadems, and ſheltred him with Love.

CHAP. IV. *v.* 1.

CHRIST.

HOw lovely are thoſe eyes, thou Fair,
Which from the circles of thy hair
Pierce the thin Vails of interambient air?
What ſprightly Beauties from that ſacred Shrine
Do we behold? compar'd to thine
Doves eyes are dull: the luſtre's all divine.
Whilſt thy diſhevel'd locks are whiter far
Than *Gileads* new-waſht fleeces are:
2. Beneath whoſe treſſes, ſtuds of pearl diſplay
Their light, like Stars plac't near the Milky-way;

Which

Which in a Semicircle ſtand,
Set in due diſtance by th' *Almighties* hand:
More white than wool, more glorious than the throng
Of Ews when all are big with young.

3. Thy melting Speech with a beſeeming grace
Flows from thy lips, where Scarlet ſpred
Reflects upon thy Face
A fainter Virgin Red,
Which to thy lofty Temples makes a way
As bluſhing mornings haſten to the day.
Thoſe Temples which at diſtance ſeen
Are like Pomegranats ripen'd from the Green.

4. Thy neck's a Fortreſs of a greater power
Than ere was *David*'s warlike Tower;
A thouſand Bucklers there were ſpred
(Shields for the breaſt, and Armour for the head)
Little enough to ſtop the fretful foe:
But when thou doſt thy Beauty ſhew,
Unto thy Trophies all muſt yield
And quit the Field;
Thine Arrows wound the heart, and pierce the ſtouteſt ſhield.

5. Two vaſt ſupporting hills of ſnow
Maintain this Caſtle's foot below;
The youthful breaſts which like two Twins appear,
(Roes of the ſelf ſame year)
Roes which amidſt the Lilies ſtray

6. Until the ſhades are chas't away
And the pale Morn'-ſtar uſhers in the day.
Up to the mountains height
I'l take my flight,
And view thoſe Paſtures which diſpenſe
The ſweets of Myrrh and Frankincenſe.

7. If from the days in which thou firſt didſt place
Thy trembling foot on *Aaron*'s rev'rend head,
I thy deſcent unto theſe times ſhould trace;

Tho

Tho round about thee there were ſpred
So many garments roll'd in Red
(Dipt in that blood on which the Martyrs fed)
No ſpot no wrinkle would be ſeen :
Thou bloom'ſt afreſh, and art for ever green.

8. Haſte thee from *Lebanon*, no more to dwell
In *Lebanon*, tho of ſo ſweet a ſmell.
Look from *Amana*'s clouded height,
Shenir and *Hermon*, Hills of might,
(The glories of the *Amorite* ;)
Judea's narrow Confines are too ſmall;
(Tho there was the *Meſſiahs* Birth)
Hear a rebounding call
Eccho'd from th' utmoſt Caverns of the Earth,
From Lions dens, and from the treacherous Cell
Of thoſe rude beaſts which in the Deſart dwell.
What new, what unaccuſtom'd ſmart
Poſſeſſes this my Captiv'd heart!
A ſtrange inſinuating flame
(That found a Conqueſt whereſoere it came)
Ha's ſcatter'd in its powerful heat,
And here it acts as in its proper ſeat :
One of her chains, one of my Siſters Eyes
Have bound me faſt, and rendred me her prize.
If One of theſe ſo much could do,
How ſhould I be ſubdu'd, and overcome by Two!
If this ſmall Glimps be ſuch, then what ſhall be
The Bliſſes of Eternity!

10. Siſter and Spouſe in one Combine
To kindle flames, and render 'em Divine,
Flames of a nobler heat than thoſe of Wine.
Whilſt near thoſe Milky Paps above,
Thoſe famous Treaſuries which fed
The ſcatter'd Sheep before their *Pan* was dead,
Dodim appears, and Metonymick Love.

11. O thou by ſacred ties
To me ſo cloſely knit,
When thou doſt thy beſt Oracles declare
By Prieſts, and not by murmuring air,
To thy ſoft voice the myſtick Wit
Of buſie Spirits, and of gentile Lies
Muſt with their flatteries ſubmit.
So healing are thy words, ſo calm
When thou the pious heart doſt meet,
That tears of Balm
Or drops of Hony are not half ſo ſweet.

12. Thou like a Garden freſh doſt ſtand
(A plat of *Palæſtina*'s Land)
Fenc't and encircled by th' *Almighties* hand.
Fenc't from the ſubtil Fox, and ranging Bore,
Who'ld overturn the wall, or undermine the door:
Within whoſe borders we behold
A Fountain fairer than the Springs of old
Made for the Nations Weal,
But ſhut from Beaſts by the great Gard'ners Seal:
Thoſe Beaſts who their ungodly paſtime take
In ſtriving how to mud the Chriſtal Lake.

13. 14. 15. See where the ſtreams with ſilent murmur creep
And ſteal in by-*Mæanders* from the Deep;
Till (ſafe in covert paſſages) they breath
Their ſubtil moyſture from beneath;
Unmindful of the paces they have gone,
From *Carmel*, from the top of *Lebanon:*
Their Donor's frank, and they are free;
As they receive they give;
By them the Spikenard and the Cypreſs-tree,
Pomegranats, and the Saffron live:
Alike their Bounties they diſpenſe
To Myrrh, to Aloes, and the Frankincenſe.

CHURCH.

CHURCH.

16. Haſte, my Beloved, haſte,
And when thou doſt of theſe thy Dainties taſte,
O let thy Glory ſhine
Upon this Fountain, and theſe Shades of thine!
Then ſhall the North-wind wake, the South-wind blow,
And from theſe beds the balmy Spices flow.

CHAP. V. *v.* 1.

CHRIST.

FRom the Almighty Seat above,
As boundleſs as the Great *Jehovah*'s Love,
My Fathers Beatifick breaſt,
Where thou muſt ſhortly (when Triumphant) reſt,
I thy Beloved, guarded with a Quire
Of Angels, with an Hoſt of fire
To give thine Enemies their doom,
Am to my Garden, to my Siſter come.
I've cropt my Myrrh, and pluckt my fill
From every Spicy quill:
I've eat my hony, and have made a Feaſt
Upon the Treaſures of thy Milky breaſt.
You who with famine pine,
Or by tradition faſt
From untaught Sires, who never underſtood
The virtue of a thing or ſweet or good,
Come, come, and take a full repaſt,
The Feaſt forbids a modeſt taſte.
A mighty Feaſt made up of things Divine,
Hony with Milk, Milk mingled with Wine.

CHURCH.

2. The Gates were ſhut, the Priſon cloſe,
And every Captive took his ſoft repoſe;
The ſtretcht-out Arms, which lately did complain
Of ſlavery in vain,
Now ſeem'd to claſp a breaſt
Made up of liberty and reſt.
But this was but a fanci'd ſleep;
(*Grief, like to Water, ſilent is when deep*)
For in my dreams the heat of Love
(Like Vapours cloyſter'd in the chilly Earth,
And ſtrugling for a Birth,)
Inſenſibly began to move:
My wakeful heart did only panting lie
Beneath the Covert of a clos'd up Eye;
Whilſt from below I ſeem'd to hear
(As tho the Souls knew how to woo,
And had a cunning Language too)
A fainting voice, which hardly reacht mine ear.

CHRIST.

'Siſter awake, what from above,
'Mine undefiled One, my Love,
'No voice! or is her Charity
'More cold than I!
'I'le call again——What from above,
'Siſter awake, ariſe my Dove,
'Unbar the clos'd up doors, and ſee
'Who 'tis that calls and knocks ſo loud: 'Tis he
'Who drawn by thine ore-powring Arms
'Has marcht the Deſart from afar,
'Without the conduct of one happy Star:

'Undaunted ventur'd all the ſpight
'Of Wind, of Storm, and of a gloomy Night;
'And tempted more than common harms
'To find a Shelter in thy tender Arms.
'And canſt thou paſs theſe Hazards by
'With ſo ſmall Love, and ſo much Cruelty?
'See how the curl'd, and well compacted hair
'Fan'd by freſh gales, and mov'd by milder air,
'Now hangs diſhevel'd by the Tempeſt torn,
'And on my Locks the Evening dews are born.

CHURCH.

3. But theſe Expoſtulations were in vain:
I laid me down to ſleep again.
Alas; my caſt-off coat was folded by,
My new-waſht feet were ſcarcely dry:
Should I defile them then? what boot to riſe,
And chaſe that ſleep that had but ſeiz'd my eyes?
4. Yet he endeavour'd ſtill, and preſt the more
Upon the ſtubborn door:
When ſtraight (the check of mine ingrateful Love)
A ſudden qualm did in my bowels move.
Oh how I ſigh't! my ſwoln-up heart
Was big with Paſſion; and upbraiding ſmart
Strook thro my panting breaſt,
Who for a ſleepleſs reſt
Had ſold the bounties of ſo fair a Gueſt.
5. At length I gave my ſlumbers ore,
And marcht thro darkneſs to the wonted place
Where Lovers met, where Lovers do embrace;
But miſt the entry to the door.
Alas! my Breaſt, tho all a flame,
Could give no light
To guide me in the depth of night,

Until

Until a cloud of Odours came,
Sent from his graceful fingers, ſuch
Which tho the fainter reliques of a touch
Impreſt upon the lock, were ſweeter far
Than *Gilead*'s balms, or *India*'s Spices are.

6. Then I unbar'd the doors—Whoſe there? What Gueſt
(Said I) that interrupts my reſt?
No voice, but all was ſilent as the night,
For he had newly took his flight.
Oh how I trembling ſtood!
No Tongue can tell the ſmart
That ſeiz'd my heart
Under the ſwift recoilment of the blood:
I ſtood and call'd, and call'd, but all in vain,
The very Eccho ſcarce return'd again.

7. Then more than pale with baſhful fear,
Unarm'd, ungirt, unbleſt,
I roam'd abroad to meet the wandring Gueſt:
But ſtraight the buſie Watch drew near;
From whoſe ſtern looks I pity did implore:
And when a ſtorm of ſighs
Had tied my Tongue that it could plead no more,
Begg'd ſilent pity with my weeping Eyes,
Then ſtopt, and woo'd again: but all
Their pity was but Wormwood mixt with Gall.
O how they checkt my folly, how they ſtrove
Each to upbraid my but pretended Love!
[Unhappy Hypocrite, thy crime
Was ſoon found out; the darkeſt night,
Th' obſcureſt time
Expoſes that as quickly as the light.]
But this was but the firſt degree
Of their inhuman Cruelty;
For when I ventur'd on to plead my Cauſe,

And little fear'd, but that a weak
And helpleſs Woman might have leave to ſpeak;
Inſtead of Reaſon, and of equal Laws,
They anſwer'd me with Wounds to every Clauſe:
Which when I ſtrove to cloſe again,
(Leſt the ſad Weather ſhould augment my pain)
And bind up with my Vail (the height
Of their unmanly ſpight!)
They raviſht that away by an ore-powring might.
Unhappy Soul, who'l pity thee
In depth of all thy miſery?
I once the Peoples joy, am now their ſcorn,
By my beſt friends, nay by my Love forlorn:
Can this black midnight ere expect a morn!

8. I turn'd to *Sions* Daughters then
To ſee if Women were more kind than Men:
I charge you, O ye Fair (ſaid I)
If my Beloved paſſes by,
You tell him how I lye
Wounded, and at the point to die.
Tell him——Oh tell him this:
And much, much more——But yet above
The reſt, the deepeſt Wound was his,
And I am ſick of Love.

CHORUS.

Daughters of *Sion.*

9. What's thy Beloved, O thou Fair?
With whom may he compare?
What's thy Beloved more than others are?
What is he more, Faireſt of Queens, than them
Who bear the glories of *Jeruſalem?*
Are his Encomiums ſo large,
That thus thou giv'ſt ſo ſtrict a charge?
What is he? Speak—— *CHURCH.*

10. ——Should you but trace
The Beauties of his goodly Face,
And ſee how ſtrangely they are ſpred
Betwixt the White and Red,
(Parted by light, not by a ſhade)
The Lilies would appear but pale, and fade,
Like baſhful Stars before the riſing Sun,
And Roſes bluſh to ſee their Red out-done.
If thouſands, nay ten thouſand Loves you ſee,
Of all the reſt you'l tell me, *This is he.*

11. His lofty Head is fairer to behold
Than *Ophyrs* Treaſures were of old,
Or *Babyloniſh Dura*'s Gold.
Round which his black curl'd locks are ſet,
Which in their circles fitly met
Make him appear like *Or* begirt with *Jet.*

12. His Eyes are Doves Eyes, fair and bright
With watry clearneſs, and with milky White:
From whoſe tranſparent balls the flaſhes fly
Swifter than Lightning darted thro the Skie.

13. By whoſe bleſt rays the Spices grow
Upon his Cheeks, where's ſeen a laſting Day
With flowr's more freſh, more gay
Than thoſe in *May*;
And from his Lips the fragrant Oyntments flow.

14. His Hands are like to rings of Gold, beſet
With *Tarſhiſh*; [*Aſhers* Cryſolite]
His Belly's like to Ivory ore-laid
With Sapphyrs, white and blew diſplay'd.

15. His Leggs are two Supporters, which uphold
Theſe ſtructures; Marble Pillars rimm'd with Gold.

His looks are like to *Lebanon*, but far
More glorious than thoſe Cedars are.
16. When he the pious Votary do's meet
His Mouth's moſt ſweet:
From whence a ſtream of Rhetorick flow's; ſuch Speech
As ſeems at once to threaten and beſeech.
He's altogether lovely, this is he:
Him if you haply ſee,
Good *Sions* Daughters ſend him home to me.

CHAP. VI. *v.* 1.

CHORUS.

Daughters of *Sion.*

WHither is thy Beloved gone?
Speak, Faireſt of thy Sex, that we
May ſeek him too; 'tis ill to walk alone.
What dark, what unfrequented place
Can hide the Glories of ſo fair a Face?
Let's march along: The Traveller may ſee
(Tho now he wanders in obſcurity)
That brightneſs which the Sun a while do's ſhroud,
(Before 'tis Set) tho from a diſtant Cloud.

CHURCH.

2. —— —— Alas! I've wandred up and down
This glorious but ingrateful Town.
I've ſought him ſighing, big with care,
Yet met with nothing but Deſpair:
And with my nimble feet
Have meaſur'd out each ſpace,
Trod every Street
Of this unthankful place.

No

No Watchman but has heard my woful call
Rebounding from the circuit of the Wall.
But all in vain.
Who now ſhall *Sions* praiſes Sing?
(*Sion* too proud to entertain the King.)
He's gone down to the Plain
(Humble and meek) to view the Plants below,
Brought forth by a ſucceſsful rain;
Thoſe pleaſant Valleys where the Spices grow:
To gather Lilies, and to ſpend his hours
Amongſt the dew-beſpangled flowers.

3.——But my Beloved's only mine, and I am his:
He feeds beneath a ſhrine
Of Lilies, where the Banquet's all Divine.

CHRIST.

4. See, my Beloved, thou art Fair,
More beautiful than *Tirzah's* Turrets are;
(*Tirzah* where Grandſire-Princes us'd to ſing
The praiſes of their King:)
The Sons of *Sion* ſhall no more admire
The Hill of *Jebus* in its beſt attire.
But whilſt theſe Troops of Beauty ſhine ſo bright,
They're mixt with, not ore-powr'd by might:
And tho ſo terrible, the World may ſee
(Tho 'tis alone in thee)
True Love enthron'd in Majeſty.

5. Th' haſt overcome me, O thou Fair;
Turn, turn away thoſe pow'rful Eyes:
No need to conquer that which is thy Prize.
The Treſſes of thy bright diſhevel'd Hair
Are whiter than the milky Coats
Of *Gileads* new-waſht Goats.

6. Thy

6. Thy well-ſet Teeth in equal order ſtand,
No one that's injur'd in a throng;
The Ews that graze in *Palæſtina*'s ground
Are not ſo comely when they'r big with young:
When from the Silver ſtreams they've drawn their fill,
And ſunn'd their Fleeces in the Sacred Hill.

7. Thy Temples, fraight with Modeſty, are ſeen
To match Pomegranats when the bluſhing Red
Is fitly ſhed
Upon the chaſter Green.
How glorious wilt thou once appear
In thy Triumphant Kingdom, who haſt ſtood
So beautiful ſo lovely here
Amongſt green wounds and garments roll'd in blood?

8. And tho' the matchleſs ſpight
Of evil-will would ſwell to ſuch a height
As to deprive thee of thy Golden bell,
And leave the fair Pomegranat but a ſhell;
Yet in thy borders Threeſcore Queens are fed,
And Fourſcore Concubines do ſpred
Their Arms about the Bridal bed.
And tho ſo many Worthies have been ſlain,
Ten thouſand Virgins Conſtitute thy Train.

9. Let other Spouſes to a right pretend,
'Tis only Thou that art my Friend;
Mine undefiled One, my Love,
The Daughter of *Jeruſalem* above.
The Wiſer ſaw thee from a far,
And bleſt thee as the *Magi* did the Star:
The Concubines in holy order cri'd,
Hail Queen of Nations; Hail, the Maids repli'd.

10. Who's this whoſe Majeſty ſurrounds the Earth,
Fair as the Morning from her purple Birth?
The darkned Sun's amaz'd; the Planets ſhroud
Their uſeleſs Light;

The

The Moon's confounded at the dreadful Sight,
Hiding her ſpotted horns behind a Cloud.
The frighted Orbs in fearful diſtance ſtand,
No longer turn'd by an ore-powring hand:
They neither Light nor Vertue can diſpenſe,
But ſtand in need of greater Influence.
Thy Rays out-ſhine them all: th'art brighter far
Than burniſht Spears and warlike Banners are.

11. But Feaſted with ſo fair a ſhew,
Leſt too much light
Should overcome the ſight,
I haſted to the Vales below,
To ſee the new Plantations of my Bride,
(The Peoples ſcorn, but *Sions* pride)
Thoſe fruitful Vines, which by their ſenſeleſs paces
Hug'd the ſweet product of their ſoft Embraces:
To view the Nut-trees, and to know
How the Pomegranate did begin to grow.

12. 'Twas but a moment eré
My heedleſs Soul had been aware:
But overcome with the Surprizing Sight
(Unable to remain a Gueſt
Where ſo much Plenty made ſo great a Feaſt)
I took me to my flight. —— ——
Amazement added Wings unto my heels,
The ſwifteſt Gale of Wind;
Aminadab himſelf was left behind,
And his hot Chariot-wheels.

13. Return, return, O *Shulamite*,
That we may ſee the goodly ſight
Of *Selomoh*, and the *Shulamite*.
What would you ſee in her and him?
The goodly Forces of *Mahanaim*.

CHAP. VII. *v.* 1.

CHRIST.

HOw Beautiful are thoſe thy feet
Shod with the Preparation of the Word,
Thou Daughter of the mighty Lord,
Eſpouſed to his only Son
Before he put his fleſhy Garments on!
How fairly doſt thou tread the Stage
Of every froward Street
In this unluckie latter Age
Of thy diſtreſſed Pilgrimage!
The well-compacted juncture of thy Thighs
(By which the once divided Train
Of *Jew* and *Gentile* meet again)
Is made with Jewels of no common price;
Whilſt Prophets, Paſtors, Teachers all combine
To cloſe the Sacred Tye, and render it Divine.
2. Thy Navel's like a Mazer fill'd
With Conſecrated Water; whence
The New-born Child
Receives a newer Influence:
By that bleſt Lover he is born again,
And all the former Enmities are ſlain.
Thy Belly like an heap of Corn appears
(The laſting Food of ancient years)
Beſet with Lilies [*Innocency beſt*
Befits a Loving Feaſt.]
That Treaſury which all along has fed
Thy Proſelytes with Sacramental Bread.
3. Thy Breaſts in equal Harmony conſent,
The *Old* with the *New-Teſtament.*

4. Thy

4. Thy Neck like an Eternal Tower
Supports the higher roof, and crowns the lower.
Thine Eyes are fair to look upon,
Clear as the Streams of *Heſhebon*;
Where poor *Bath-rabbim* quits her ſelf of fears,
And dews her Cheeks with penitential tears.
Thy Noſe is lifted to the skie,
Fixt on thoſe Stars to which of late
Meſſias mounted up in State:
The Spire of *Lebanon* is not ſo high,
Which points where *Syria*'s chiefeſt City ſtood,
Whilſt poor *Damaſcus* heard the cry
Of injur'd *Abel*'s blood.

5. Thy lofty Head is fairer to behold
Than the *Phœnicians* pride,
Or what they boaſted of beſide
Height *Carmel* was of old.
Whoſe Creſt an Hoſt of *Martyrs* do adorn,
Like ſome bright Cloud dropt from the purple Morn:
Kings are encircled in it, and above
In a Triumphant Seat appears the God of Love.

6. How Fair, how Glorious is that Sight
Which charms the Eyes with new delight,
And treats the curious Appetite!

7. Thou like the goodly Palm art ſeen
(Tho compaſt round with weights, and all
Thoſe Plagues which would fore-run anothers fall,)
To ſpred thy boughs, and crown thy ſelf with green.
Under theſe Shades thy Breaſts appear
Like Grapes ith' Noon-tide of the year.

8. 'Twas but a while ere I reſolv'd to ſee
The goodly Tree;
But ſtraight each branch began to bow the head,
And beckon me to a ne're-fading bed.

Thy Breaſts are like two cluſters of the Vine,
Where Milk is ſweetly mingled with Wine.
9. The words which from thy Palate do eſcape
Are ſweeter than the *Canaanitiſh* Grape;
Of which thy Beſt-beloved drinks his fill,
And draws new Oracles from every Quill.

CHURCH.

10. Thus I am his; and thus you ſee
How his deſires are center'd all in me.
11. Ariſe my Love, the Morning's Fair,
The Day-ſtar ſinks before a greater light
Than that by which it travell'd all the night.
Let's view the fields, and feaſt in briſker air:
Thoſe little Villages which heretofore
Were humble, deſtitute and poor,
Shall now lift up their Turrets, bleſt
And fitted for ſo fair a Gueſt.
12. Unto the Gardens we'l direct our way;
The once deſpiſed Paſtures of the Plain
(From which the wealthy travell'd in diſdain)
Shall now the Summers Garb diſplay
In green and purple freſh and gay,
Under a never-ending day.
Amidſt Pomegranats and the Vines, I'le yield
Each Vow that I have made;
And every Shade
Shall be a Witneſs in the blooming Field.
13. The *Mandrakes* give a lovely Smell,
Balſam beneath our Gates do's dwell;
Where well-repleniſht baskets hold
The Bounties of the former year,
And Treaſures of the old.
All ſorts of Sweets are here,

All

All wholly thine. *That favour's let in vain*
Which minds not how to gratifie again.

CHAP. VIII. *v.* 1.

CHURCH.

O That thou wouldſt in human Shape appear,
And dwell as one of theſe my Brethren here!
That thou wouldſt rend the Firmament above,
And from an Everlaſting Throne
Deſcend in State
To conquer this unruly Fate,
And take poſſeſſion of thine own!
How Sweetly would we kiſs,
How great ſhould be the Bliſs
That Crown'd a Brothers and a Siſters Love!

2. I'd lead thee with mine hand, mine arm
Should ſhelter thee from harm.
I'd bring thee to my Mothers houſe, that ſhade
Which *Sion* for her Honour made:
Amidſt thoſe Manſions we would ſtay
Till thou hadſt taught me how to Pray,
And offer up what thou do'ſt ne'r deſpiſe,
An humble Heart, a lively Sacrifice.
Under that Conſecrated Shrine
I'd treat thee with my Spiced Wine;
Where Grapes with the Pomegranate preſt
Should make a Sacramental Feaſt.

3. Thy left hand (new increaſe
Of Honour, Wealth and Peace)

All

Should

Should like a never-fading Garland ſpred
It's tutelary Guardſhip round my head.
Thy right hand ſhould embrace my Heart,
And Crown the Intellectual part.
All Treaſures ſhould be ours; the choiſeſt things
Of th' upper and the nether-Springs.

4. I charge you, O ye Branches of the Stem
Of old *Jeruſalem*;
I charge you by your Modeſty, nay more,
By all that's Good, by all that you adore,
If my Beloved ſlumbring lies:
If deep,
If unaccuſtom'd Sleep
Has ſhut his wakeful Eyes;
You paſs by gently, leſt an ill-bred noiſe
Should chaſe away his interrupted joys.

CHORUS.

Daughters of *Jeruſalem.*

5. Who's this that haſtens from the rude
Inhoſpitable Multitude?
And leaves the Wilderneſs a more
Unhappy Deſart than it was before?
See how ſhe leans on her Beloveds Breaſt,
And in the midſt of travail finds a reſt!

CHURCH.

'Tis I am ſhe,
Who rais'd thee from beneath the Apple-tree.
There where thy Mother brought thee forth, to tread
Upon the crooked Serpents head.

6. O ſet me as a Seal upon thine Heart,
Beyond the reach of undermining Art.
Place me as thou wouldſt place a Sacred tie
Upon thine Arm, for *Jealouſie*
Is unrelenting as the Grave;
Bitter as Death: Like an inſulting Wave
Beat by the ſtubborn Tempeſt from the Sound,
It ſtill recoils the more
'Tis toſt upon the ſhore,
Till in its lawful ſcope it overflows the bounds.
Like an aſpiring flame
That left deſtruction whereſoe're it came,
It marches on with full Succeſs,
And flies in Triumph ore the Wilderneſs.

7. *No Waters can allay the heat of Love:*
Tho all the num'rous Fountains from above,
And every nether-Spring ſhould creep
To joyn in private with th' unfathom'd Deep:
The mighty Lakes ſhould all their Treaſures yield,
And March their Forces to the watry field:
Tho Seas were heapt on Seas, and every flood
In open and offenſive poſture ſtood:
Their Proweſs would appear but ſmall,
This Fire from Heav'n would ſoon conſume them all.
If with a fair impartial hand
You bring the Bounties of the flowry Land;
All the Creator did produce
For Human uſe,
And fix them in the trembling Scale; They'l prove
Leſs ponderous than Love.

8. We have a little Siſter far abroad,
That knows not us; a ſtranger to her God:

An innocent, an uninſtructed Maid,
By Ignorance and blinded Zeal betray'd.
Good Brother ſpeak, what Argument ſhall we
Propoſe, to tempt her from Idolatry?
She never heard of trembling *Sinai*'s flame,
Or knows ſhe whence Prophetick Viſions came.
Alas! ſhe has no Breaſts
To entertain her Gueſts:
And ſhe her ſelf is pin'd; a longer ſtay
Amidſt her empty huſks may make her faint away.

CHRIST.

9. 'Why thus we'l do: My Fathers houſe is large,
'His Tables ſtand
'Throng'd with the Treaſures of a bounteous hand:
'There ſhe may fairly taſte
'Or (if ſhe pleaſe) may take a full repaſt
'Without or coſt or charge.
If her Foundation's fit for *Sions* Towers,
The ſilver Superſtructure ſhall be Ours.
If ſhe be ſtrong enough to bear't, we'll preſs
The deepeſt Myſtery of Godlineſs.
But if the barren Deſart left her more
A feeble Virgin than ſhe was before,
We'll lead her to a Sacramental door,
And ſhew her where Religion's Baſis ſtands;
Why the *Meſſias* muſt be ſlain
By ruder *Jews*, and by the *Gentiles* hands.
There we may boldly tell
The tiding of *Immanuel:*
And then (leſt haply ſhe revolt again)
We'll there Baptize her and her num'rous Train.

[*Gentile*

[*Gentile Church.*]

10. I once was Ignorant and Young;
The Common-Law of Nature was my Guide:
'Twas then I had no Breaſt,
'Twas then I went aſide.
But now can humbly hear a Teachers Tongue.
Whilſt thus I ſpake, and with a bluſh confeſt
My *Gentile* Folley, all the famous Lies
The Learned could deviſe;
He ſmiling pitti'd them, and granted my requeſt.

CHURCH.

11. King *Solomon* to ſhew the matchleſs height
Of Glory, Splendour and Delight,
Prepar'd a Sacred place
Which he himſelf might grace:
A Vineyard 'twas, encircled with a Wood,
Not far from *Salem*, where *Baal-Hamon* ſtood:
But this he let to Keepers, who ſhould bring
A thouſand pieces for an offering.

CHRIST.

12. My Vineyard's only mine; 'Tis I am he
That looks to that: My ſhoulders bear
The Summers Toyl, and heave the Winters care.
But, *Solomon*, to thee
The Sacred Court pays tribute, whilſt they bring
Two hundred pieces to the Prieſts, one thouſand to the King.

CHURCH.

13. O Thou that dwelleſt in that Sacred ſhade
Which for the living Soul at firſt was made,

But now the quickning Spirits choice;
Whilſt all thy bleſt Companions hear thy Voice,
O let not me with ſlothful Ear
Paſs by regardleſs and unapt to hear!

14. Haſte, my Beloved, haſte; how long ſhall we
Wait for the promis'd *Jubilee?*
And when thou rend'ſt the Skie,
With ſuch a ſpeed on thy wing'd Chariots flie,
That the chas'd Roe-buck with his Wounds
May ſeem to Travel ſlowly from the Hounds;
And on the Spicy Hills the Hart may be
No more the Pattern of Agility.

FINIS.

Errata.

Page 5. line 10. *its.* pag. 13. l. 24. *thy.* pag. 19. l. 6. *Who's.* pag. 32. l. 29. *Tidings*